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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VIII PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY 1935 NUMBER 9



GOD'S CHILLUN

BY SAMUEL ROSENBERG

Mr. Rosenberg was awarded the Carnegie Institute Prize of \$250 for the best group of paintings in the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh Exhibition.

(See Page 274)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VIII NUMBER 9
FEBRUARY 1935

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

—HAMLET

—♦—

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—♦—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, PRESIDENT SPENCER!

Herbert L. Spencer, who last summer was appointed dean of the college of liberal arts and sciences of the University of Pittsburgh, has just been chosen president of the Pennsylvania College for Women at Pittsburgh, making the third college president to be selected from this city in the past two years, the others going to Rutgers University and the University of Washington. Dr. Spencer was graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1921 and has won rapid and consistent advancement. Beginning his work in the Pittsburgh Public Schools in 1922, he became associate principal in the Henry Clay Frick Training School for Teachers in 1927, and one year later was made principal. Other activities show that he is not afraid of work. He is an official of the Child Guidance Center, the Federation of the Social Agencies, and president of the University Section of the Pennsylvania State Education Association. He has a lot of poise, charm, tact, a fine mind well stored, a gift of language and the power to use it effectively. Only forty now, he will be sure to win his way in this new and important task.

A PLEASED ART PATRON

DEAR CARNEGIE:

May I tell you how very much I like the selection of the painting, "The Kerry Flute Player," which was purchased through the Patrons Art Fund for the permanent collection at the Carnegie Institute. . . . Being totally unable to appreciate most of the very modern paintings, I believe the selection of this picture, with its appealing subject, its great simple strength, will be appreciated by others who, like myself, enjoy being able to understand a painting the first time we behold it.

—BESSIE MCCOOK REED

This letter is particularly valued since it comes from the daughter of the originator of the Patrons Art Fund, Willis F. McCook.

FORTITUDE

We do not know whether the future has in store for us calm or unrest. We cannot know beyond peradventure whether we can prevent the higher races from losing their nobler traits and from being overwhelmed by the lower races. On the whole, we think that the greatest victories are to be won, the greatest deeds yet to be done, and that there are yet in store for our peoples and for the causes that we uphold grander triumphs than have ever yet been scored. But be this as it may, we gladly agree that the one plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the light, as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

War seldom, if ever, settles anything; more frequently than not it leads to fresh wars.

—FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON

OTHER DAYS, OTHER PAINTINGS

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



ON February fifth we opened an exhibition of paintings that in the past had been given prizes in our Internationals. We borrowed from Vermont to California. On my desk lies a list of the winning

painters. The reputation of many of the names goes back far before my beginning here. All of them I trust will continue forward through the decades. Yet whether canvases be by Weir or Watkins, Hassam or Pruna, each one seems equally familiar. With graying hair and a chest that has slipped down a bit, therefore, I am faced by the realization that I need not stretch my memory when I ask it to return to the day fifty years ago when my father declared that the only real reason for breaking up a party was for someone to argue about "What Is Art." Because however much I might wish to avoid the fact, I have ample recollection with which to embrace the social customs that bred the list of painters whose works grace the exhibition now appearing on our walls.

Especially a painting hanging in our permanent collection, by Childe Hassam, often halts me as I go for my car. It is a little picture of snow-laden New York Fifth Avenue. Trundling along the slippery cobblestones is a red and black omnibus. In the rear is a step. Once when we lived at 22 Washington Place and I went to school on Forty-second Street, I hooked rides on that back step. No thumb was needed. Mother believed I was developing limbs

and character by walking the two intervening miles between home and classroom. Mother, like a good New Englander, had faith in hardships. Father, being half French, half Irish, took life less sternly. He knew the sidewalks of New York. He used to hook rides himself.

Unquestionably my first recollection of such men as Hassam who a decade later won prizes here reverts to a September dusk between the placid white pines and the mowing of our home in Cornish, New Hampshire. There, a bit wet in the eyes, I sat with my feet in a woodchuck hole watching Tommy Dewing toss a brand from the burning into George de Forest Brush's tepee, which through summer sun and storm and misty nights had sheltered a romantic conglomeration of babies, bacon, oils, Indian blankets, condensed milk, and turpentine.

Brush was giving a farewell picnic. Naturally my small-boy eyes coveted his dwelling place as an abode of adventure during the few remaining days before I went back to school. Yet at that moment, because one artist Indian had taken exception to another Indian artist's hanging a lithograph of the original single-taxer, Henry George, on a wall of that tent, both romance and shelter were vanishing in flames.

Came another twilight on a Fourth of July of another year, when a similar group of artistic reformers were bent on moving from dinner on our west porch with "Gus and Gussie," my father and mother, to "The Works"—as Tommy Dewing's home was known—to shoot off skyrockets. I trailed along. From the foot of the mowing an abandoned road dropped straight through the deepening shadows of the pine woods. At the sight of it those enthusiasts



INTERIOR WITH FIGURE

(Third Prize, 1897)

By J. ALDEN WEIR

Lent by Museum of Art,
Rhode Island School of Design

could not wait. Uncle Louis bent a birch across the trail. Tommy produced a rocket. Prellwitz had a match. An acrid burst of smoke and flame, a circle of sparks, and a rocket which did not go up but down brought visions of artistic endeavor leaping right and left out of its path.

My father, Horatio Walker, that gentle little hunchback Joe Evans, "Harris from Paris," Louis Saint-Gaudens, Dewing, Brush, Alexander, and Thayer, as the years went by, were to teach our land a bit of what to do with leisure, were ultimately to join hands with Poor and Curry and Speicher in their present similar endeavor. Some, like Dewing, were to win awards and hang pictures on Pittsburgh walls.

It is a little ghostly, the past that

rose from that New England valley, drifted to New York, and saddened a bit as it mingled then with Duveneck's blacks and browns. For art those days was lured with a dim religious light, in the shadows of the brown-stone stoops that lined Fifth Avenue, or behind the gas jets of the Sherwood Studios, confusing in me memories of the Munich School, Bouguereau, and Mother's bustles.

Cannon boomed as my father's Lincoln was unveiled on the shores of Lake Michigan. John La Farge emerged from the brick walls of his Tenth Street studio to give another lecture. I aided my first efforts to sit right side up on a "safety bicycle" by clutching the iron spikes of the railing around the church that adjoined our apartment house. Maupassant's stories were thought naughty, especially when read in French. Lathrop dreamed of autumn sadness. Washington Square had a dangerous hill running down to the Garibaldi monument. The seamstress came in the spring. Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" brought tears to grandma's eyes. The hired man's "catin' tobacco" was a luxury. For the Metropolitan Museum its director, Di Cesnola, purchased Powers' "Greek Slave" as the essence of beauty. Apples burned on studio stoves, fragrant when mixed with the smell of turpentine and trays of steaming water. Painters saw, as today, cool gray-blue clouds through studio north lights.

The time before the first Pittsburgh exhibition shortened to six years. The eagle let fall occasional pinfeathers. Maturer wings swished with adolescent flaps. Whistler prepared to say that mauve was "pink trying to be purple." Kenyon Cox applied to mural decoration the artificial literary forms of Robert Louis Stevenson. The heyday of the easel picture was at hand. Repressed paintings by Inness and Martin greeted exuberant fortune hunters home from the hills laden with copper, or from the plains with railroads, or from mere common Southern clay with cotton.

The first Social Register had regimented ladies in looped skirts who emulated the adornments attributed to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and his good wife. Haughty interior decorators had yet to chill pampered parvenues with pure but synthetic palaces. A residence built one day was filled the next like a tooth. The parlor rug was scarcely unrolled before objets d'art crowded one another across its Turkish expanse to the mercy of the unaccustomed fingers of Irish housemaids. Rococo frames rubbed neighbors on the walls where our own dreamy Tryon, flanked by the romantic English preciosity of Holman Hunt, added to the socially admired darkness of smug tone and harmony of inept imitation. Strangers ceased blowing out the gas in the Hoffman House as Mr. Edison's bulbs feebly flickered. Of an early morning my father hid the long pointed tan shoes of MacMonnies, home from Paris.

It was the chaperon's rich era. Paintings were chaperoned behind Tiffany gas shades. Mother was chaperoned up the avenue by a District Telegraph Messenger Boy. Yet one by one, steamships discarded sails as they brought an occasional painting from Paris wherein a furtive monkey peeped from the boulevards at a flying ankle by way of Gaston La Touche.

Three years previous to the first Pittsburgh exhibition a Wagner sleeping car rolled me up to the gushing rococoness of the World's Fair fountain. Not that I cared. My youthful interest centered on the first electric elevated railroad and motor launch. Though Mr. Eastman had produced his "You press the button and we do the rest" affair, the urge of that clicking box had yet to drive art into the Spanish-Frenchisms of Picasso. So at last in Chicago appeared a cohesion of artistic life that was soon to concentrate painting on the walls of the Carnegie Institute. Walker, Cox, and Low distilled the essence of the beaux arts. Greek became the architecture of Burn-

ham's cohorts. The buildings flanking the lagoon even to the peristyle expressed confidence in beauty, spaciousness, and dignity.

Naturally Boldini soon forsook European shores to paint portraits of Uncle Sam's packing-house potentates. Naturally Chase cropped his whiskers French style and strung a black ribbon through the corner of his eyeglasses as a first step in studio sophistication. Preciosity became one measure of social delicacy. Only later would super-estheticism be distilled into a poison of psychopathic eccentricities.

Alden Weir venerated an American sympathy over a French foundation. Coussin's Sorbonne lecture on "Art for Art's Sake" was revived. Five years after Matthew Arnold's death he was



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
(First Prize, 1899)

By CECILIA BAUX

Lent by Miss Frances C. Griscom



EVENING IN A STUDIO (First Prize, 1905)

By LUCIEN SIMON

Owned by Carnegie Institute

read to anxious tea tables concerning "Sweetness and Light." Embryonic women's clubs languished over Dewing-painted women playing mystic musical instruments in outdoor twilights.

Nothing broke the continuity of artistic enthusiasm. As the plaster façades of the Columbian Exposition crumbled from their lath and wire backing, the Congressional Library arose behind the Washington Capitol, giving work to such men as Reid, Vedder, and Maynard. The Players Club hung out that famous sign "This way in case of Simmons"; for Simmons inevitably returned from his mural decorations each lunch time to outtalk the round table where sat Tarkington, Drew, and Gilder.

The good things of youth were being given to all America. Plutocrats and bellhops demanded the sophistication of the departing William Waldorf Astor or the arriving Boni de Castellane. My father and I laid bets on impending

catastrophe one night while the de Reszke brothers held up the stone wall of Faust's study as the learned Doctor ripped off his beard in his ecstatic return to youth and with Mephistopheles sang of the joy of life and love to the lure of Melba's spinning wheel. Elderly maiden intelligentsia discussed the difference between "Trilby" as bound in one volume and as she appeared in Harper's Monthly Magazine before being expurgated.

From the woodchuck hole the boy had been moved to a seat in the balcony of Abbey's Theater, there to enhance his education on those Wednesday afternoons when Irving went to his death as Charles I, or Mounet Sully occasionally lost his sight as Oedipus, or Coquelin Père said farewell to Jane Hading when the rumbrel led her to the guillotine in "Thermidor," or Duse died in the exotic sentimentality of "Camille." Augustus Saint-Gaudens, over coffee and nuts, raved about the Divine Sarah's tragic end in *Fédora*, while

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Augusta Saint-Gaudens said that the gaslights gave her a headache.

In 1896 Pittsburgh opened its first International. Dignitaries in top hats were present. John W. Beatty set forth on the task of organization which he carried forward so successfully for twenty-six years. A genuine effort to organize contemporary painting from many lands took its bow. Lavery of England, Raffaelli of France, and Beaux of our own country garnered the first group of prizes.

Painting shuffled a bit in sophomore self-consciousness. The Jury of Award carried such names as Duveneck and Swan, and gave honors to such men as Shannon and Weir.

Meanwhile Boston allowed her codfish balls to chill while she spoke of art. For the tulips in Copley Square were now gazing upon a public library born of the drafting boards of McKim, Mead and White, those guardians of American architecture. The building embodied a triumph for McKim, the sensitive artist and serious fin-de-siècle playboy. Impassive always, McKim accepted honors, adulation, and my father's "shock McKim" dinner. Nobody was shocked but Mother. Though, led by Louis Saint-Gaudens and Mary Tonetti, the men dressed as ladies and the ladies dressed as men, though the Irish stew and beer rumbled up the dumb-waiter, McKim passed a kindly, thoughtful hand over his bald head, and smiled in gentle bewilderment. He always smiled even while White, the red-haired, raged between Floradora girls, champagne, orthopedic hospitals for crippled children, the Madison Square Garden topped by

my father's "Diana," and giving me golf sticks.

Yet though the Boston Library made its mark, McKim quite lost what was left of his upper hair; for the two young men who supported Saint-Gaudens' library shield were unquestionably boys, while MacMonnies' "Bacchante," being scarcely a lady, withdrew from Athenian purlieus to the stairway of Gotham's Metropolitan Museum. Apparently only Uncle Louis' lions were pure.

Pictorially, however, passions remained orthodox. Abbey stepped from the bindings of Harper's Magazine to glorify the Holy Grail. Sargent turned from his technical trapeze work with dashing ladies to a sincere reverence of prophets, whose photographic reproductions later were to adorn the study walls of Halworthy. Puvis de Chavannes, by his French estheticism, outdis-



THE BATH (First Prize, 1907)
BY GASTON LA TOUCHE (1854-1913)
Lent by W. S. Stimmel

tanced his American contemporaries. Every one of these men is represented in the Carnegie Institute's permanent collection.

Under Director Beatty such painters as Lavery, Lockwood, and Thaulow were giving prizes to Tryon, Hassam, and Roche. But though by now the home of artistic America should have returned to the United States, yet the center of American artistic activity dallied east of the Atlantic. In my father's studio in the rue de Baugneux I learned that Paris still provided the measuring rod which tested the efforts produced within sound of the steam engines that rode the Sixth Avenue Elevated.

Rain and adventure dripped on those French winter days. I do not mean the *vie-de-Bohème* type of adventure that permitted one-hundred-and-eighty pound vociferous Mimis to waste away in any of the studios I visited following the workaday occasions of my parents. Naturally, though I played football in

the ditches of the fortifications, I had also the normal observation of adolescence. Never, however, did I dine beneath paintings of *La Goulue* in Maxim's until in quest of art for Carnegie's International. Mostly I recollect Parisian meals marked by John W. Alexander's whiskers and the beauty of his wife. I heard tales of Dauchez, and Ménard, and Cottet, all of whom may be found in Simon's prize-winning painting of 1905.

My first cousin once removed, by marriage, Louise Dilworth Beatty of Pittsburgh, having just espoused Cousin Sidney and made her *début* in Vichy, came to dine, considerably perturbed over family objections as to the proprieties of Siebel's tights. Spring brought excursions to the home of George de Forest Brush, where larks rose from the green young wheat about Montigny near Fontainebleau. Summer saw picnics on the cliffs of Boulogne, or tickets for Russia, exhibited on trains for Holland, that debarked us at Brussels, where we were properly impressed by the Lion of the Scotch Guards on the field of Waterloo.

Meantime we listened to Whistler, whose "*Sarasate*," now in our permanent collection, appeared in the 1896 International. My father was by no means dumb. Yet, somehow, I never remember anybody's talking to Whistler; probably because he never sat down, though it was always hot when he appeared. Once it was so hot that I gummed my breeches to the varnish of a studio chair. Whistler never wilted, or even removed that flat-brimmed top hat.

Yet Whistler proved but a minor interest in the stream of life. The main tide was social. French priests at my Auteuil school passed on to us youngsters their thoughts of dirty Americans who picked on Spaniards. Finally one wet night on the first of May I rode, a candle-lit red paper lantern on my bicycle handlebars, to learn of Manila Bay, which was announced by a type-written sheet pasted on the New York



YOUNG WOMAN IN GREEN VELVET
(First Prize, 1920)

By ABBOTT H. THAYER (1849-1921)

Lent by Addison Gallery of American Art



ELEANOR, JEAN, AND ANNA (First Prize, 1922)

By GEORGE W. BELLOW (1882-1925)

Lent by Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo Fine Arts Academy

Herald's window on the Boulevard de l'Opéra.

The poster craze swept our own land. Young ladies' schools worshiped Howard Chandler Christy. Richard Harding Davis was being photographed with his medals, baggage, and pith helmets. Young bloods enjoyed wind-swept ankles at the foot of the Flatiron Building. In Oyster Bay Teddy Roosevelt received me and other bipartisan Harvard undergraduates. Paul Leicester Ford wrote "The Honorable Peter Stirling." The Waldorf-Astoria presented Fifth Avenue with Feacock Alley, where the descendants of "The Four Hundred" might chuckle at the Reverend Dr. Rainsford's ravings against the Bradley Martin Ball, and laud Sergeant Kendall. Frank Benson and Cecilia Beaux won prizes.

That mystic umbilical cord as ever connected art and the social order. But

painting in those days was still a medium of placid contemplation rather than insurgent social analysis. Wherefore, though Kipling might write of imperialistic adventures beyond the horizon, yet Ben Foster could drip "Misty Moonlight" on night scenes, one of which later won a prize. André Dauchez, with that other prize, his "Kelp Gatherers," could arouse a grateful philosophy of peace within tight-laced ladies who descended from hansom cabs to visit Knoedler's sober art galleries.

Victoria's Diamond Jubilee had come and gone. Sports still talked of Vanderbilt's mare, "Maud S." Now Sir Malcolm Campbell drives three hundred miles an hour at Daytona, and Marin paints houses in snow. But in those days painters too were trotting in check-reins. Up-to-date loose conversation had begun to forbid both the story-

telling picture and the picture of action. The male moaned behind ladies' hats when he hoped to see Ada Rehan play Kate in Daly's Theater. Burne-Jones mixed oil, turpentine, and sentimental rushing with his pre-Raphaelite friends. Robert Blum set forth the fripperies of the season by way of the virtuosity of the year. In London under Edward VII, in Paris lapped in "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," in Berlin beneath the shadows of the Kaiser's upturned mustaches, inspired plutocratic idealism insisted that the world would now be persistently happy in its future economic emotional and political progress by clinging to past safety and sanity.

Functions were functions. We settled that one recent Christmas when we removed from moth-proof sacks Mother's Presidential Ball dresses. Red velvet and white satin they were, complete with skirts, ruffles, hooks, and stays. We tried them on my wife. She stood the strain nobly, for though the two women were built on the same basic dimensions they differed in contour.

Look to the woman. Poiret walked hand in hand with Gaston La Touche, who was preparing his painting of "The Bath" that was to provide Pittsburgh with the scandal of the year when it won the First Prize. For there a painted lady bathed in the mythological open while an internationalized satyr admired in a large and luscious manner.

Sentimental glory ushered in the new century. Victoria was

buried. The Boer War ended. Tarbell won all the prizes in almost unbroken succession. In his Munich palace Lenbach strutted about his peacock-bedeked throne. On the rue Bonaparte students bowed before the pontifical fingers of the "cher maitre," Besnard. In Tite Street the American, Edwin Austin Abbey, painted the London coronation picture and sold the Carnegie Institute "The Penance of Eleanor." The kinematograph clicked faster. Whip sockets and dashboards disappeared from horseless carriages. Thayer upheld the honor of American pictorial esthetics and discoursed on the absence of cold germs on the slopes of Monadnock. Sargent traveled on freight ships to elude the artistically erudite who claimed him on both sides of the Atlantic. Whistler sent to Munich his "sentiments of tempered and respectable joy" in appreciation of the second-hand compliment paid him by their second-class medal.

Theodore Roosevelt took up art. On command my father modeled coins and smiled a bit sadly as he bound Indian headdresses on the calm brow of Liberty. McKim, La Farge, and my father set out to re-do architectural Washington.

Yet out of such smug confidence came a leaven of dignity, beauty, and worth. Better-looking coins occasionally rub one another even in depression-worn pockets. Washington is raising Federal phoenix coops from the flames of erstwhile market mid-dens.



HORITIA AND FABIOLA

(First Prize, 1926)

By FERRUCCIO FERRAZZI

Lent by W. S. Stimmel

Zorn and Monet, Mancini and Zuloaga swung their masterful brushes. Though his painting remained in our galleries, Orpen's original title, "Me and Venus," shocked.

Two naughty boys, who played in what staid society regarded as artistic garbage heaps, called one another Gauguin and Van Gogh, and marked their day for future reference.

For some time past, artists in Third Avenue beer gardens had vaguely prognosticated a new order. In the Champs de Mars of 1899, with the Sherman statue in the place of honor, I had stood with my father before Rodin's "Balzac." The newspapers had called it "Balzac dans un Sac." My father was amused but uncertain. "Du Bois is the big swell for me," said he. "I would not do a Rodin if I could." He paused. "I wish I could if I would."

The public in Fifth Avenue Delmonico's had not yet even begun to wonder why the man who paints of today presages of tomorrow.

Redfield, Richard Jack, and Bellows won prizes in 1914. Henri, Prinnet, and Symons formed part of the Jury of Award. Within and without studio walls the world continued to mutter premonitions of impending doom. Before Sarajevo my wife's pocketbook was searched in Westminster Abbey for fear of suffragist machinations. Change was becoming as inevitable as open plumbing.

By now I and others were staggering through eight weeks' worth of south-middle-western one-night stands with Maude Adams; for "Peter Pan" was a hardy perennial. In that odorous sleeper, the Pichilli, even we troopers



STILL LIFE (First Prize, 1928)

By ANDRÉ DERAIN

Owned by Carnegie Institute

gossiped about the uncertainties of a world suspiciously shaken by moving pictures.

It all went to show that both gray top-hatted young men who walked the narrow sidewalks of sophisticated Bond Street and itinerant vagabonds who petted cowboy horses tied to Tulsa lamp-posts were evolving the notion that something had gone astray in easy, virtuous, Victorian philosophy. Horizons and fables faded. Romance being put on the spot developed a wriggling tendency that inevitably removed it into yesterday or tomorrow.

The War did count a little. Barring certain laudable exceptions, artists were good soldiers like stockbrokers or ironworkers, provided always some Simon Legree cracked his whip.

Mostly the War connected me with Abbott Thayer, that extraordinary esthetic artist who had indulged in far too many discussions with Theodore Roosevelt concerning nature faking and with Olivia Rodham concerning the number of spots on a wood-robin's tail. This was bad for Thayer's "Angel on the Rock" Memorial to Stevenson. Boston wanted to know how such a material young lady could dare to be angel-fied. Since then I have been suspicious of titles of paintings. Peter

Blume would have missed a fine stir if his dealer had labeled "South of Scranton" just plain "Composition." Whistler lost no end of welcomed advertising when he named a work "Symphony in White No. 1."

Thayer in criticizing a certain painting by my wife said, "When you think of a head, think of an egg." Whereat my wife, standing behind him, regarded his head as a shining example of something not to be thought of overmuch. Head or egg, it needed protective coloration. Protective coloration suggested an invisible potato. An invisible potato suggested camouflage. Camouflage in the fog and dirt southwest of Verdun caused my painter-soldiers to curse Thayer's scenic military monkey business. Next they cursed Thayer. Sitting sketching between a dead horse and the company mess they sought those untaught, inventive ideas-to-be that these days hang on the walls of Mrs. Whitney's Eighth Street gallery.

In Europe the War emphasized the fact that Englishmen like Talmage had failed to load the passing order into one of Victoria's landaus and roll it into the Albert Museum. Derain and his French followers established the most sober and considered order of the day. Over here the War freed the past inhibitions of Ufer and wove future foundations for Poor. Since bewildered audiences were learning to think of fifteen things at once in the movies, they felt no surprise when an amateur kodaked the Woolworth Building and found by the result that the walls fell together. Both still and moving pictures were promptly forgotten the moment the audience had bought the first copy of the night extra about that gangster shooting.

"What of it?" said sidewalk society. "Let's go."

Next, Speicher and Bellows started feeling their oats. Indeed by 1923, when Davies, Speicher, and Bonnard won prizes and I still possessed a pristine innocence, Speicher and Bellows insisted that the oats be home-grown,

and consequently lambasted a Sewickley lady's Old World paintings one hot September afternoon as the result of her bountiful hospitality. She was more polite than they.

Since then I have developed doubts about the nativity of those oats; for an officer of the Imperial Japanese Navy gave me a pitiful shock when he regretted that he could not tell European art from American art. Really, though, Bellows and Speicher did count in that their vitality turned minds from accepting art and manufacturing iron to accepting iron and manufacturing art.

Once in Dresden school days I sent my father a drawing of my own profile. His criticism suggested that if my ear were shaped as I had it constructed I might earn my living in a museum. He was right. But not until fourteen years ago did I become aware that while my New England ancestors had poisoned what was Thespian in my blood, an atavistic impulse would turn me back to act as a beneficent janitor for those men who mix oil, turpentine, and colored clay under the north light. I grew acquainted with Brook and John and Ferrazzi and Lebasque, who were taking prizes. I purred with delight.

Battlefields resemble Quaker meetings when thought of in terms of art galleries. From the time I ventured eastward across the Atlantic in behalf of my initial International to return with Simon and Knight, who were to help award prizes to Bellows and Ménard, down to my last hectic autumn when Beal and Barr and Cary poured a tempest into a teapot through a funnel made of Blume and Dali to raise a wind that tossed a sea of popularity onto the shores of Waugh, I have learned a lesson.

Before the War one standard existed. Everybody said so. Perhaps it was a false standard, but it was a signboard which pointed somewhere. Winslow Homer built such a standard successfully on the rocks at Prour's Neck while he growled at us relatives, and was quoted

as uttering the platitude that he never took liberties with Nature.

Lately we have erected a more ambitious five- or six-way signboard which a supercharged society has accepted in the recrudescence of the double negative, a split infinitive, and the word "ain't."

More and more the war was on. Captains and kings departed. Artists whittled new lances, reshod old Rade-montes, and looked to the footing as they took off at fresh windmills. One good result, an aggressive idealism, remained. As the radio and the flying machine intensified our incomplete understanding of ourselves and our complete misunderstanding of our neighbors, artists concluded that something had to be done about the long neglected weeds of meanness and ugliness. Such common or garden detestations became targets for flying paint brushes. Men such as Sloan and Coleman ripped open the bindings of Vanity Fair. Grant Wood caressed Daughters of Revolution.

Slogans were strung like campaign banners across artistic highways. As a bolt from the blue, or from the Public Works of Art Project, flashed "America for Americans." No one had really gainsaid the self-sophistication of Paris. John and Carena were positively admired. Indeed even Picasso still sometimes received a complimentary shrug. But at the shrine of Davies and the threshold of Curry stood cocktail-fed worshipers who at the same moment committed the error of declaring that Garber had as little to do with present-day shabby shoppers on Sixth Avenue or sophisticated nursemaids with babies and pups along Central Park East as the tab on the front of great-grandpapa's shirts.

The dollar went off the gold standard. Then indeed did artists come scuttling home. Sixteen Americans from Paris contributed to the first International with which I had anything to do. One American only, Friesseke, I acquired over there on my last trip. Le Sidaner,

Paul Nash, Oppo, Speicher, Davey, and Lie gave prizes to Watkins, Sironi, and Dufy. "Suicide in Costume" proved its name.

Naturally the awards of our resumé of contemporary painting have caused the forgotten man in the street to look cross-eyed. In 1927 we combined Matisse and Carte. In 1930 we boasted Picasso and Brook. In 1933 we acknowledged de Segonzac and Curry. Naturally the public concluded that a lopsided society had developed a lopsided painting. Naturally, entrenched like Whistler's cow behind the statement that they did not know anything about art but they knew what they liked, some popular thinkers voted Popular Prizes to Parcell, and Pomi, and Garber. Naturally others in our latter-day public, turned impatient over the old tradition but still suspicious of the new model knee-action, were far too full of the spirit of 1935 to drive the latest stream-lined tear-drop art model at a modest speed until the bearings were worked in properly. Naturally I am content, since more than ever the public packs into the galleries and lecture halls, buys catalogues, and bargains for introverted landscapes, until I do believe a few of Uncle Sam's offspring are becoming eye-conscious.

Now what!

Recently I heard two up-to-date mothers talking. Said one to another, "I read to my youngsters every night." Replied the other: "I'm beyond that. I drink with mine."

Other days, other paintings. Mothers and art have changed. The result may be shocking. But we might as well face the fact that we are not returning to former picture painting, economics, politics, or Model-T Fords. Then we will really be in a position to do something about it.

We may estimate the present situation more definitely in terms of architecture. In building as in painting, important forms have sprung from fundamental needs. Greece knew stone columns and stone crosspieces. Hence the

Parthenon. Rome invented the arch. Hence the baths of Caracalla. The Goths gazed on high. Came the split arch. The walls fell apart. Buttresses held them up. Nothing happened for centuries. Then some forty-seven years ago when the Tacoma Building arose in Chicago by way of steel cubes was born a new fundamental. For more than a generation we have tried to venter these steel cubes. Only recently has the Rockefeller Center group found an answer. So has the Empire State Building, Bonwit Teller's emporium in New York, and John Wanamaker's shop in Philadelphia.

Like architecture, like painting. When gas-lit elevators were maneuvered by ropes we worshiped Leutze. But with other days have come other interests. Adulation of social and political position has given place to democratic admiration. Photographs have improved on the likenesses of grand-mama. Movies have moved into historical scenes. Jonas Lie lives in the Sherwood Studios where my mother first stuck pins in my diaries. Rockwell Kent occupied Dewing's studio on Washington Square South. Now Rockwell Kent burns whale fat in an igloo. Of course the painter has fumbled like banker and business man. Certainly adolescent empirical artistic efforts have been a bit bumpy.

Sentimental satisfaction with the past only makes for a disregarded artistic world. Presidents' sons drive past traffic lights. So we should not blame painters who do the same. No one must mind paying ten-dollar fines for exceeding speed limits.

Painter, banker, and business man are progressing. Let us not drift like algae with the outgoing tide nor like jellyfish with the incoming waters. In the last analysis good or bad art is our fault, and so our concern. Therefore, if we live long enough we will see a future come from a youthful self-analysis that we will not trade for senility in art any more than in steel mills. It depends on the artist's and

public's knowing what they want and getting together.

One day last fall I visited the studio of Kenneth Hayes Miller on Fourteenth Street. Said he then by way of a bit of philosophy, "My work doesn't amount to much, but if when I'm gone I can leave a record of the crowd shopping along the sidewalk down below me I will have done something for Americana."

Five years ago Augustus John had a party stimulated somewhat by a Negro band. Everybody left late and wholly untidy. Behind were cocktail glasses and paints, ham sandwiches and canvases, lip sticks and trombones. The American ambassador was due to be sketched in the morning. As chaperon I arrived first. I tried my hand at the bass horn. I failed. But that painter knew what he wanted. Enshrouded in whiskers, circled by brass, Augustus John met Ambassador Bingham.

I was the small boy who sat with his feet in a woodchuck hole as he watched Tommy Dewing throw a burning stick into George de Forest Brush's tent. Only a very few years later our last Jury, consisting of Gifford Beal, member of the National Academy, Alfred Barr, art director of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and Elisabeth Luther Cary, art critic on the New York Times, gave prizes to Blume, Hofer, and Laufman. The Popular Prize went to Waugh.

When I die I trust my friends will say a few kind words about me under a north light. I nominate Peter Blume and Frederick Waugh for assistant pallbearers. If they wish to discuss "what is art," may they allow my ashes to rest easy between them. I would like to listen in.

But they will not discuss art.

[This exhibition closes on March 10.]

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION

Every man has two educations: that which he receives from his teachers, and that which he owes to himself, the latter being infinitely the more important.

—GIBBON



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



CONTINUING the monthly discussions which were begun in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for January concerning our financial programs, the general proposition is here restated in order that our readers may familiarize themselves with it.

The Carnegie Corporation of New York, after having made a cash gift to the Carnegie Institute in 1921 of \$2,544,000, agreed to make a further gift to its endowment funds of \$200,000 in 1936, and at the same time a second endowment gift of \$150,000 duplicating the subscriptions which had been received at that time for the Patrons Art Fund, these two sums comprising an additional endowment of \$350,000, provided that we should by July 1, 1936 raise an endowment of \$200,000 from our friends, thus giving the Institute new funds aggregating \$550,000. On this \$200,000 to be raised by us we have now in hand \$180,000, leaving \$20,000 short of the full amount. We shall gladly receive any contributions large or small toward this shortage of \$20,000, which practically will purchase \$550,000 in new money.

The Corporation in like manner gave the Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1921 an outright gift of \$5,640,000, and agreed to make a further contribution of \$8,000,000 on July 1, 1946, provided that Carnegie Tech through its friends would raise \$4,000,000, thus giving our school \$12,000,000 of new endowment funds, yielding a further income of \$600,000 a year forever. We have already raised the sum of \$500,000 on this undertaking, leaving \$3,500,000 yet to be found. Subscriptions toward this fund in any form suitable to the giver, or bequests in wills, are earnestly hoped for; and it should be borne in mind by our friends that every dollar received by us will be matched two for one, compound interest from now until 1946 to

be included on our side of the account.

The object of the Corporation in making these additional gifts to be payable at a time which was then twenty-five years in the future was to impress upon the community a sense of responsibility in continuing the vital work, with its necessary enlargement, of the enterprises which Andrew Carnegie had founded at Pittsburgh; and almost instantly upon the announcement of this magnificent financial program our friends began to make contributions, some large and some small, but all of them when taken together revealing a generous reciprocal spirit on the part of the people of our own community and also of persons and institutions throughout the United States.

We present our readers this month for the first time with a statement covering gifts of money which have been made to the Carnegie Institute of Technology or to its students, since the Corporation made its offer in 1921, to a general fund known as "Gifts for Scholarships, Grants, and Prizes." While some of these donations have been given with the condition that they shall become part of the endowment fund, in which case their income only can be used for scholarship purposes, and the principal sums have thus become a part of our \$4,000,000 obligation, by far the larger part have been given to be currently spent, and have been spent, in the education of young men and women presenting themselves for enrollment and not able to provide the whole amount necessary for their tuition. In many cases the first donations for this purpose have brought so much satisfaction to the givers that they have made additional gifts through several years, although the total of the amounts received from each source is shown here by but one figure.

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It is believed that the publication of this information will be fruitful in inspiring other individuals and other institutions to emulate these humane and helpful contributions toward the promotion of the welfare and culture of the younger generation, equipping them to do their part in the advancement of American civilization.

Alpha Kappa Psi.....	\$ 500.00
American Institute of Architecture.....	150.00
American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers (Womans Auxiliary).....	1,000.00
American Legion Auxiliary of Greensburg.....	150.00
Anonymous.....	150.00
Anonymous.....	200.00
Anonymous.....	300.00
Anonymous.....	180.00
Anonymous.....	992.50
Anonymous.....	1,500.00
Anonymous.....	100.00
Anonymous.....	870.00
Balcom (H. G.) Scholarship.....	100.00
Baldwin (Sarah E.) Scholarship.....	100.00
Boston Typothetae Board of Trade.....	910.00
Buhl Foundation.....	12,700.00
Chi Omega Alumnae.....	650.00
China Institute in America.....	160.00
Chinese Educational Mission.....	605.00
Carnegie Institute of Technology:	
Drama Department.....	2,543.25
Engineering Alumni Association.....	1,500.00
Inter-Sorority Council.....	700.00
Mathematics Department Scholarship.....	200.00
Night Student Council.....	720.00
Gamma Gamma Gamma Sorority.....	50.00
Wednesday Afternoon Club (Faculty Women).....	600.00
Womens Athletic Association.....	1,395.00
Womens Scholarship Organization.....	2,450.00
Young Women: Christian Assn.....	450.00
Margaret Morrison Carnegie College:	
Alumnae Association.....	6,025.00
Class of 1909.....	200.00
Class of 1926.....	380.00
Class of 1929.....	350.00
Class of 1930.....	150.00
Cleveland Womans Clan.....	200.00
Costume Economics Club.....	350.00
Household Economics Club.....	400.00
Philadelphia Womans Clan.....	50.00
Secretarial Club.....	750.00
Clemson Musical Scholarship.....	360.00
Civic Club of Allegheny County.....	400.00
College Club of Pittsburgh.....	65.00
Congress of Womans Clubs.....	50.00
Douthett, Mrs. Joseph N.....	400.00
Dravo (F. R.) Scholarship.....	160.00

Dingley Scholarship.....	50.00
Edison (Thomas A.) Laboratories.....	1,210.00
Finley (J. B.) Estate.....	2,154.00
Gardner, Mrs. Frank S.....	490.00
General Education Board.....	160.00
Hornbostel (Henry) Prizes.....	50.00
Harrington, John Lyle.....	75.00
Jamison, Miss Martha.....	315.00
Juilliard Musical Foundation.....	750.00
Junior American Red Cross.....	107.86
Kahn, Otto.....	4,000.00
Leisser (Martin B.) Scholarship.....	300.00
Lockhart, Mrs. James H.....	795.00
Mansfield, Mrs. Richard.....	175.00
Miller Saw Trimmer Company.....	1,057.50
National Association of Master Plumbers.....	31,650.00
New York Employing Printers Association.....	2,650.00
Nu Delta Alpha.....	25.00
Patrons Scholarship Fund.....	602.00
Pennsylvania Railroad Company (Frank Thomson Scholarship).....	1,260.00
Pennsylvania State Scholarships.....	12,100.00
Pittsburgh Builders Exchange.....	2,100.00
Pittsburgh Female College Assn.....	750.00
Pittsburgh Male Chorus.....	252.00
Porter, John L.....	640.00
Porter (Mrs. John L.) Prizes.....	900.00
Rauh, Edwin S.....	625.00
Rowland and Clark Theater Company.....	820.00
Sloan (Sarah) Club Scholarships.....	1,487.50
South Hills College Club.....	1,875.00
Southern Club of Pittsburgh.....	3,270.00
Stage and Play Society.....	400.00
Stone (Lucy) Citizens League.....	180.00
Stuempfle (Mary) Scholarship.....	180.00
Theta Sigma Sorority.....	100.00
Tiffany (Louis Comfort) Foundation.....	400.00
Tuesday Musical Club.....	500.00
Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind.....	105.00
Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.....	15,000.00
Wheelwright Scientific School Scholarship.....	1,255.00
Whitney, Warren.....	500.00
Wilson (Margaret Barclay) Essay Prize.....	100.00
Wingold, Mrs. Albert C.....	300.00
Womens Club of Mount Lebanon.....	200.00
Womens Club of Oakland.....	550.00
Womens Club of Pittsburgh.....	400.00
	<hr/>
	\$136,081.61

The above list does not include \$25,219.73 in scholarship funds which have been previously acknowledged in earlier chapters of the Garden of Gold. To make the list complete they are set

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down in the order in which they were received:

Hubley (Grant) Scholarship.....	\$ 2,000.00
Porter (Mrs. John L.) Prizes for Progress.....	2,500.00
Crabtree (Fred) Memorial Scholarship.....	3,219.73
Cohen (Josiah) Memorial Scholarship.....	10,000.00
Wurts (Alexander Jay) Memorial Scholarship.....	7,500.00

Gifts previously acknowledged in the Magazine amounted to \$1,091,361.69. With the addition of the scholarship funds of \$136,081.61, the total leaps to \$1,227,443.30.

APPROPRIATIONS

THE board of trustees of the Carnegie Institute have completed their appropriations for the fiscal year beginning January 1, 1935, allotting the following sums to the various departments: Fine Arts \$100,000, Museum \$130,000, Building Maintenance \$149,500, Carnegie Library School \$15,000, Administration \$53,000, Contingent Fund \$12,062, or a total for the departments of the Carnegie Institute of \$459,562; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology \$1,425,000, making a total grant of \$1,884,562, practically all of which will be expended in Pittsburgh. None of these funds include the appropriations from the City of Pittsburgh for the operation of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh but are provided in the main from Andrew Carnegie's endowment funds.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS!

WE noted last month that Harvard University had received gifts of 126,935 books in 1934. Columbia University now announces gifts of 37,779 books in that year. The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh will be happy to have its friends remember it with similar gifts for circulation among the people of the community. Send your good books, when you have read them, to Director Munn.



A. BRYAN WALL
(1861-1935)

A BRYAN WALL, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute, died on January 28 at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Wall was elected a member of the board in 1896 succeeding his father, Alfred S. Wall, from whom he had received the inspiration to become a painter. His work won early recognition, and he was especially successful in the painting of sheep, showing them at rest in the deep meadows, feeding among the sheltering trees, drinking at the cool brooks, and following home the weary shepherd in the gathering dusk. This pastime was the active delight of his life, and he always rejoiced when the cold weather had abated so that he could go into the fields where the moods of nature, from budding spring to golden autumn, charmed his attention to his art.

In the work of the Carnegie Institute he was a member of the Fine Arts Committee, and his knowledge of painting made his judgment of great value in the choice of pictures to be purchased for the permanent collection. His personal attributes were kindness and courtesy to his companions, loyalty to his ideals, and devotion to his work. He will be greatly missed.

ART GOES IN CIRCLES

By RAYMOND BAXTER DOWDEN

A Director in the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

[It is only now and again that someone suddenly arrives at the artistic gates and crashes them with such ease and sureness as has young Ray Dowden. Under thirty, he has behind him a notable record in the Carnegie art school that included two Tiffany fellowships and two years on the Fine Arts faculty after graduation. His teaching for the past five years at the Manchester Educational Center, where he works out his own competent theories in his special opportunity classes for children, has been so effective that a group exhibition by his young pupils was received most enthusiastically both here and in New York. Mr. Dowden's admirers argue over the form his greatest success will take—lithography or painting. Of this much we are positive, he will always approach it with originality, he will say it refreshingly. Touched with satire and surprise, he here presents a new slant on the young idea.]



EVER since there has been a CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, which means for eight years, it has been carrying an announcement of the annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh in its February num-

ber, written by some member of the Association. Christian Walter, long the guiding president of the organization, reviewed the history of the local art group since its bizarre beginnings back in 1910 when it timidly opened its first show in the lobby of the old Grand Opera House; Albert C. Daschbach took us behind scenes and, paying great tribute to the system, showed us exactly how the Jury of Award performed its solemn duties of admitting material and of naming the prizes; Everett Warner drove home the indispensability of the amateur artist to the Pittsburgh community and the recognition that should be his. Still others have discussed local art from other points of view.

Lest I repeat because so many have gone before me, I am venturing to scan our art problem in 1935 from still another angle—its adjustment to a very complex and whirling cycle.

America, and the whole western

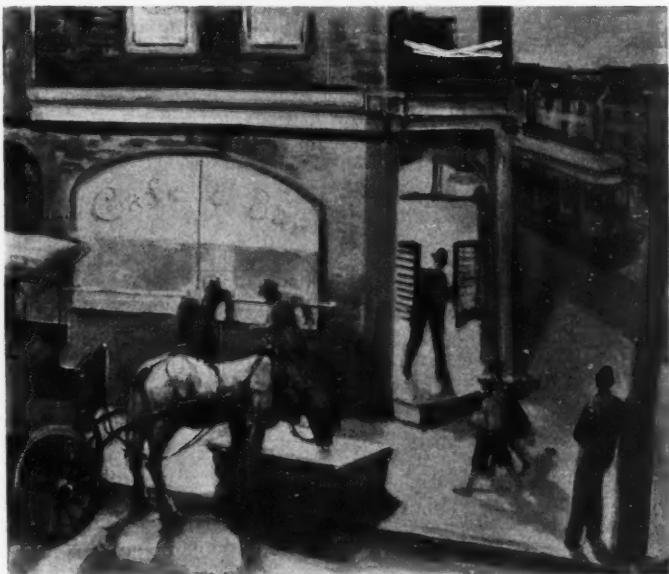
world for that matter, since barriers are down with the speed of communication, takes its art movements, along with fashions and manners, in cycles. We've done with Brancusi chromium birds and Picasso plastered abstractions. Now we move our esthetics from the parlor into the kitchen sink.

A fashion commentator, reflecting seriously upon the absurdities of the post-War knee-length skirts—with square, curveless fronts—remembered that in 1921 women decided never again to accept another and more inhibiting style. Nevertheless, milady, if we are to judge by her current romantic silhouette of classic length, cries joyfully that at last she has acquired a mold to which she will cling forever.

The artist does likewise in swearing allegiance to the changing mode. Toiling ever since impressionism cut sparkles of sunlight into splotches of color, he has been trying to construct an iconoclastic, intellectual world, remote from cancerous wounds, economic debaucheries, and rattling trolley cars. His seclusion threatened to add another language and vision to the encyclopedia, but his stomach and the howl of the man-in-the-street drove him out. Now he attempts to sales-talk himself into a new situation or put on a false face more hideous than ever. It revolves around the cult of the local scene and the crying aloud of the pseudo-proletarian painter for wall space, wall space—billboards for propaganda!

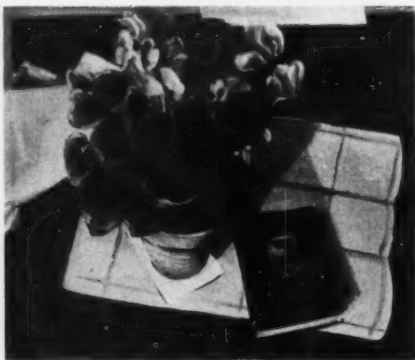


WINTER LANDSCAPE BY MADOLIN VAUTRINOT
First Honor and Prize Award (\$150)



THE CORNER BY CARL A. WALBERG
Second Honor and Prize Award (\$100)

He has run amuck either because he has fallen back on a stale symbolism—a trifle better styled than the puerile angels, Justice, Mercy, and Civic Pride best observed hovering around courthouses and other public buildings—or has reverted to a grotesque realism, penetrating no deeper into the economic labyrinth or sociological portrait than calling a group of studio models "The Agitators." But we must applaud the new mode! The warning signal is raised against a flood of this American genre, slicker and less vigorous than the Flemish varnishers. Observe the Grant Wood factions—or the hosannas to the Thomas Benton school—another American fashion which has begun to fill walls better left a spotless and virginal white because they so rudely intrude upon the surrounding architecture. We have only to view the inconsiderate wall filler at the Whitney Museum to know what we are in for. That one gesture alone struck me with a neurotic gyration so devastating that I landed in a heap in the nearest corner. When one wants a whiff of the world's evils, one had better go to the source, not to



STILL LIFE

By CAROLIN McCREARY

Third Honor and Prize Award (\$50)

tized or not, does not know the sad plight of our own, our native land, that artist will be hard-pressed to instruct him in an erudite way. He does not want it and will not have it pointed out to him. His only reaction is, "It isn't pretty," and he goes on to the next picture, "A Bunch of Bananas and a Ukelele"; or farther on to a heap of pink paste and blue pajamas. Again the significance of "Dinner for

Threshers" resolves into nostalgic prettiness. And not because of its social nature did it mean anything to the layman. I daresay that no one would suspect that those men ever smelled to heaven with summer sweat, or that they were snarling between their teeth because the meal did not consist of the expected fried chicken.

We have thus arranged a paradoxical situation of two extremes:



JAPANESE IRIS

By CARRIE A. PATTISON

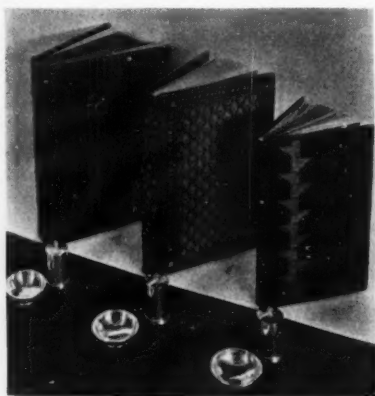
Sarah C. Wilson Memorial Prize (\$25)
for the best flower painting



NORTHEASTER

By RUSSELL T. HYDE

Art Society of Pittsburgh Prize (\$100) for the best landscape



METAL WORK



CERAMICS

FINE EXAMPLES IN THE CRAFTS DIVISION

BOOKBINDING

For the first time crafts are being presented in the annual show by Pittsburgh artists. As a newcomer in the exhibition no awards have been established for the division, but it is hoped that the excellence of the current group will inspire them. In addition to the examples illustrated, textiles, jewelry, stained glass, wood carving, wrought iron, and industrial design products are included.



OLD HOUSE NEAR INGOMAR

By VERNON WILSON

Camilla Robb Russell Memorial Prize (\$25) for the best water color

the highly glossed, heavily static middle-Western pictorial calendar against the revolving and serpentine confusion of the class-conscious paintings depicting a moronic civilization. There is also a belated trace of the outmoded abstraction—mostly west of Kansas where modernism is just being announced over the wireless, born thirty years too late.

Not that the painter shouldn't look into his immediate environment, for that is the only and final source of his visual and emotional experience. The rest is arrangement. The artist should show his chauvinistic face—the Pittsburgh artist has an excellent mirror—but he betrays himself, as Eddie Cantor does his humor, by suspecting that he has a mission to perform. Self-preservation and sharpening of the wits are reasons enough for the existence of the medium. More often, however, the artist who should localize himself wants to go hitch-hiking through all the well-known tourist joints—bottles and lace, nudes and space—until those

outside the circle believe that there are no more pioneering days in painting expression. Nevertheless, we shall in time regret our own backyards—even as we now slander the intellectual paintings!

It is best then that we here take notice of a new movement—not in painting but in the allied industry of design based on the utilitarian object. It has shown its restful face after many tardy years of neglect. So in 1935 we wake up in a blinking daze to find that artist and artisan, both trained alike in design, order, and good taste, have shaken hands through the medium of the Associated Artists annual exhibition. They have gone to green museum pastures together, and whatever pictorial innovation presents itself in this show, it will hardly eclipse the presence of the crafts division.

A Cellini remark, among his countless others, says: "I am not one of those fools who are capable of producing something rather graceful but entirely without significance." Whereupon he

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proceeded to make Neptune, Aphrodite, a dolphin or two, and some seaweed into a rococo heap and then call it a saltcellar. One should find esthetic soarings in a nicely made bowl or a tooled leather book, as a painter does over a less useful portrait of a dejected woman with rectangular viscera removed (see Dali); or over a painted odalisque on an American Oriental rug (see Matisse).

Where art leaves off and utility begins, and vice versa, is one of the obvious problems facing the practicing artisan. It is a mechanical duty to build objects for perfect functional reasons and an artistic pleasure to make it a thing of harmonious proportions. Beyond that I have nothing to say except to admonish our new friends to beware of cults which glide under vicious slogans. The painters have run through the whole gamut and have come out quite breathless and undone. Functionalism is one—as a cult, I mean, for we know well enough that America has been full of functional



SELF-PORTRAIT

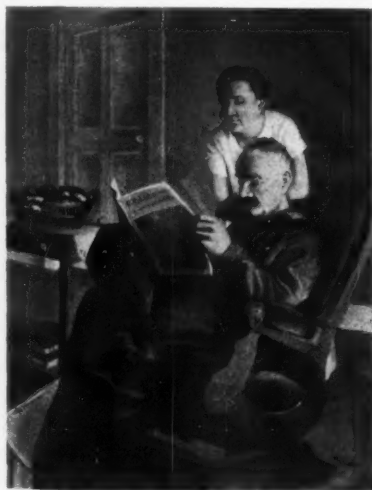
By VIRGINIA I. CUTHBERT

Pittsburgh School of Design Prize (\$100)
for the best painting by a woman

institutions all these past unpretty decades.

It is not an innovation, this business of finally recognizing another member of one's own household after years of only polite bows. It is obvious scenario for the movies and no new theme in the history of art. There have been love and hostile feuds in periodic cycles, as love goes itself.

Only recently Hollywood has produced a bit of neat whimsey in that vein, taking a puma and its natural prey, the deer, for leading characters. Puma and deer are raised on the same bottle of nourishment by one kind patron of the fauna. Later, loose to live in natural haunts, they discover each other again, and instead of the hunter and the hunted, we find a nuzzling couple full of hearty comradeship. Puma and deer; artist and artisan! It is worth examining the world for other exemplary traits when kin and kind agree to harmonious interludes. Whatever the moral, the doing is the better part. Make a bowl and decorate it, build a house and embellish it, knit a dress



FARM NEWS

By DOROTHY L. DAVIDS

Ida Smith Memorial Prize (\$100)
for the best group of figures



PORTRAIT BUST OF WILLIAM BEACH

By C. D. COURTNEY
Sculpture Prize (\$75)

and put a nosegay on it, paint a picture and—well, there's a problem.

Whatever the activity, it should be an integrated community movement, not spirited by exhibitionism, but devoted to artistic utilitarianism. If one desires a fuller preface to the relationship of the artist to the community, a fine argument for a back-to-the-spinning-wheel movement, dust off February 1931's issue of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* and look for Mr. Readio's adequate article. It will well repay you if you are interested in fostering a general application of art in more diversified fields of life and its enrichment thereof.

This is the twenty-fifth annual exhibition to be held by the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. Out of 770

entries submitted by 162 artists, 379 pieces of work, 255 of which are paintings, were accepted and are now on view in the Carnegie Institute galleries until March 7. The nonresident Jury of Award was composed of John Carroll, Henry Keller, and Kenneth Hayes Miller—all artists of national reputation. This year they were unusually severe in the limited number of works they accepted, but the selectivity of any show always adds to its quality. They were unanimous in saying that the current exhibition sets a standard that will be difficult to exceed in future years.

SALE OF PAINTINGS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL

TWENTY-SEVEN paintings were purchased from the recent 1934 International, and it is gratifying to know that twenty-four of these now belong in Pittsburgh collections. An analysis of the purchases reveals that the English and Polish sections head the list in their popularity—five paintings from each of these sections having been sold; the Italian follows closely with four; from the German and Spanish three apiece; from the Russian, French, and Austrian two each; and the American trailing with one.

The paintings from the United States have been returned to their owners, but the European section, after having been shown at the Baltimore Museum of Art, is now on its way to the West Coast for an exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art from March 14 to April 25.

The Pittsburgh attendance at the International numbered 137,805—the third largest in its history and exceeding the record of the previous year by more than five thousand.

THE REIGN OF PEACE

So far from the idea being visionary that there can be a reign of peace thus secured, I place upon record the opinion that this century will not pass without seeing it accomplished.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

AN EXHIBITION OF VARIATIONS IN HAIR

YOUR fur coat, your hat, your suit, your tooth brush, and the rug on your floor are all made from the hair of mammals. Hair is an outgrowth of the epidermis or outer layer of the skin, and in its true form is found only in the mammals; no other group of animals possesses it. Under the microscope we find it to be composed of an outer, horny layer, covering the surface like shingles on a roof, and a thick, spongy, inner layer containing the pigment which gives the hair its characteristic color. Beyond this, however, it is difficult to say anything about a typical hair because during the evolution of mammals it has assumed so many forms that it can be recognized only by its structure and the layer of skin from which it is derived.

There is a vast difference in the texture and character of the hair used in your clothes and your brushes, but it is insignificant when compared with some of the variations to be found in nature. To illustrate some of these differences in the integument (hairy covering of mammals) a temporary exhibition has been prepared in the Mammal Gallery of the Carnegie Museum.

The twenty specimens comprising the exhibit show some of the most remarkable modifications of hair that are known. Extreme contrasts are displayed in the fine fur of the mole and the broad horny scales of the African pangolin—in reality modified hairs in which the tough outer layer has been greatly developed at the expense of the inner. The large scales on the back of a full-grown pangolin may measure nearly three inches in width, and because of their horny character offer excellent protection against its enemies. Another unique mammal is the African brush-tail porcupine, which has unusually coarse spines on its back and a tail of stiff brushlike hairs, resembling a head of wheat from which the grain has been thrashed. The whale, of all

mammals the best adapted to aquatic life, has lost practically all its hair except a few bristles about its mouth. In this case it is interesting to observe that the loss of hair is compensated for by a thick layer of blubber beneath a skin highly modified for continual immersion.

The scales of the pangolin, the fur of the mole, the spines of the porcupine, and the whiskers of the whale are but a few of the variations in the hairy covering of mammals which will be found in a display arranged under the direction of J. Kenneth Doult, mammalogist of the Carnegie Museum.

TECH COMMITTEE ADVISORY MEMBERS

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER has recently been elected a special member of the committee on the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in succession to the late E. M. Herr.

As vice president of the New York Times Mr. Sulzberger has a commanding view of the world, which will make him invaluable in directing the broad policies of the Carnegie school. As a trustee of the Baron de Hirsch Fund in New York City he has gained a ripe experience in the administration of one of the trusts of a great nineteenth-century philanthropist. Baron de Hirsch, whose fortune would be reckoned as colossal even in these days, gave away \$100,000,000 in his lifetime to constructive causes with an international distribution of their well-directed benefits.

The other special advisory members of the Institute of Technology committee are: J. C. Hobbs, a Carnegie alumnus and superintendent of power of the Diamond Alkali Company; F. B. Jewett, president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories; Roswell Miller, experienced in education and business; and Charles E. Wilson, another Carnegie alumnus and vice president of General Motors Corporation.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of Gregorio and Maria Martinez-Sierra's
"The Cradle Song"*

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



JANUARY was a busy month at the Little Theater. Instead of the customary single production we had two: "The Cradle Song," under the direction of E. W. Hickman, and the "Alcestis" under the

direction of Chester Wallace.

"The Cradle Song" was perhaps the greatest succès de larmes that the Little Theater has known. The last scenes were played to an obligato of sniffing and sobbing which must have been very gratifying to the director and his cast. This charming play has, as joint authors, Gregorio and Maria Martinez-Sierra. Señor Martinez-Sierra is, I am told, the successful director of

a theater in Madrid. One may guess that the material of the play was supplied by Señora Martinez-Sierra. It has too authentic a ring and the convent atmosphere is too exquisitely sensed not to be the outcome of personal experience. It is amazing that a play so slight and so delicate as this should have traveled so far abroad from its native Spain, and so successfully survived a none too good translation and even triumphed in a Hollywood adaptation.

Of plot there is, so to speak, none. A baby girl is left at the door of a convent by an unknown person, brought up by the sisters and married to a nice young man with everybody's approval. But plot is of no importance; the real subject is the manner in which the child's advent affects the daily routine of these gentle, rather childlike women. It is, if you like, a play of frustrated motherhood. The doctor in the first



"THE CRADLE SONG"—STUDENT PLAYERS

act says something to that effect, and the poet who somewhat incongruously appears between the acts also does a little explaining. But the authors are more interested in creating an atmosphere than in expounding a thesis. There is pathos in plenty, but the authors have balanced the pathos with some comedy, and poke a little gentle fun at the guileless sisters worrying over their tiny "sins."

There is some adroit characterization. The chief character, Sister Joanna of the Cross, is a full-length portrait which, in spite of a lack of big scenes, is worthy of any actress's talents. The wise old prioress, the acid vicar, and the irrepressible Sister Marcella are admirably drawn.

"The Cradle Song" was well directed by Mr. Hickman. The pace was right. The atmosphere was convincingly suggested, and I liked the quiet, rather unemphatic way in which the characters spoke. Only the girl, Teresa, seemed a false note. She was a little too consciously kittenish for a convent-bred girl, and I am sure no Order of Inclosed Dominican Nuns would have permitted that sleeveless dress.

Mr. Weninger provided "The Cradle Song" with one of his most successful settings. The white-robed sisters against the white arches of the loggia with the dim, green garden beyond was a very pleasant picture. The acting was good all round. Sister Joanna was played with feeling. The part of the prioress had a poise and restfulness not often found in the work of a young actress. Sister Marcella was done with zest. It was perhaps the old doctor who released the most copious floods of tears in a tearful evening.

[Because of lack of space the review of "Alcestis" has been held over for the March issue of the Magazine.]

LIKING OUR JOB

The secret of life is not to be what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does come to like it in time.

—DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

THE PITTSBURGH SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

UNDER the sponsorship of the Photographic Section of the Academy of Science and Art the Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art will open its twenty-second annual showing at the Carnegie Institute on March 15.

The local Salon—a member of the Photographic Society of America and affiliated with the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—is one of the oldest in America and the rigidity of its requirements for pictorial work is exceeded by no other in the world.

There are no prizes awarded—the honor of having a print admitted and hung is considered recognition enough. The jurors, who will make their decisions on February 23 and 24, will be A. Aubrey Bodine, of Baltimore; Frank R. Fraprie, of Boston; and D. J. Ruzicka of New York City.

WHAT IS ACADEMIC FREEDOM?

We members of college faculties have a slogan called Academic Freedom. This is a poorly understood phrase, and one much abused by a minority of our faculties. There is a difference between freedom and license, and never was there any freedom worth maintaining which did not carry with it responsibility. As I understand it, academic freedom is the right to follow through in one's field of special knowledge every track to its logical end. It is the right to make utterances, verbally and in writing, that represent the conclusions of a scholar. Responsibility will govern all such utterances. On the other hand, academic freedom was never assumed to be a shield, behind which any professor may utter half-baked ideas, or promote his individual propensities to tilt at windmills. The people at large are not in a position to discriminate between scholarly utterances and acts, and individualistic obsessions. An utterance or an act by a professor comes to those outside as something approved by their university, that institution supposed to be a seat of learning and wisdom. Idle utterances, therefore, sooner or later, harm one's colleagues, and do immeasurable damage to our cherished reputation for right thinking. Remember that when a professor speaks he gains the front page, and the more intemperately he speaks, the larger the headlines. Let us, then, carry responsibility with freedom. Let us stick to those fields in which our expertness has gained us our membership in this university [of Washington].

—LEE PAUL SIEG, President



IS ART FOG-BOUND

THE past decade has furnished signs and omens indicating that the intellectual world has been suffering an eclipse. The sunshine of clear thinking in all the arts has seemed to yield to the deadening vapors of an overpowering fog. In literature Gertrude Stein is the high priestess of this cult of the obscure—her volumes of words without meaning have easily become the best sellers; in sculpture we feel the woeful influence of Epstein—whose method is to exaggerate exaggeration; in the theater Sean O'Casey's play, "Within the Gates," struggles to express simple ideas in unfathomable mysticism; in music we have the strident cacophony of a dozen composers passing for that concord of sweet sounds which used to charm our ears; and in painting the outstanding representation of modern art must always have an interpreter beside it to say what it is all about. Indeed, in painting especially, the clouded sky of expression today has furnished the worshipful but dumb observer with a new solace—the philosophy of "It Doesn't Matter"; and there is still a lugubrious satisfaction to be had in remembering that sublime canvas which at a recent Carnegie International was brought before the jury upside down, admiringly accepted upside down, and ecstatically hung upside down for three weeks, until the painter, seeing a reproduction of it in the catalogue, telegraphed that he

thought that it should be turned the other way up. But after seeing it both ways, I distinctly remember that it gave me a deeper urge when the bottom side was on top.

But the philosophy of "It Doesn't Matter" takes care of all situations like that. If we ask for the central idea in prose or poetry, there isn't any; or in sculpture, or painting, or music. Whatever the work is, an idea would spoil it. We are in an idea-less age. We are following the cult of the obscure, "where the meaning doesn't matter, if it's only idle chatter"; and the thing to do when we are introduced to any object of art by these brooding apostles of mental density is to fall into a beatific attitude and heave a sigh—or something—without going too far in the utterance of words. For before the view is ended, we may find that the whole work is upside down, and in being that way it accords with the spirit of the time.

THOSE WHO GLORIFY WAR

MR. MUSSOLINI continues to counsel his people that peace is an illusion. "Fascism," he says, "the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity, . . . believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace." How much this all seems like the fire and smoke which came from the throats of the German war lords at the outbreak of the World War! "War alone," con-

tinues the Italian dictator, "War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it." Again this is like those malignant clamors that came from the Kaiser and his myrmidons.

What is there that makes war noble save only when it is a last resort to repel the invasion of one's country? In peace we cooperate with other nations and fraternize with their people, we unite with them in the development of art and science, we vie with them in friendly sports, we sympathize with them when evil days come upon them, and we strive like good neighbors to mitigate their misfortunes. But when war breaks out we forget all the exalted duties of peace, and fall into the foul and pestilential murder called war.

I remember the training camps in America during the World War. Young men who had come out of our factories and offices with lives of peace and philanthropy behind them were suddenly transformed into savages. Many a time I saw them with their bayonets being driven against suspended bags that were stuffed to represent the bodies of their enemies, each one in his mind driving home his deadly weapon to search out the bowels of another young man who could never by any possibility have done him an injury. And when the story of that conflict was finished, ten million young men had been killed and thirty million wounded, with the map of Europe broken up like a jigsaw puzzle.

What were the final effects of the War? Nothing but the moral, physical, and financial wreck of the world, with the whole of humanity prostrated even today in misery and destitution. The German Emperor and twenty-two of his kings and princelings lost their crowns, and the chief delinquent would have been hanged—indeed, Lloyd George pledged himself to hang him!—but for his having found an asylum on the neutral soil of Holland.

When the nations ordain that the

maker of an aggressive war shall be hanged as a public enemy, the road to permanent peace will become a smooth highway.

THE WORLD COURT REJECTION

THE action of the United States Senate in rejecting membership in the World Court can be well understood by those who have watched the development of public opinion on this subject. The negative decision beyond question reflected a certain confusion and bewilderment among our American people because the constant preparations for war across the ocean provoked the fear that our adherence now would plunge our country into an impending strife that was going to be destructive alike to the manhood and the civilization of the world. If the European nations had pursued their obligations to modern society by organizing a permanent peace upon unshakable foundations there is very little doubt that our people would with confident gladness have exemplified their wish to join the World Court. But with the war trumpets sounding in every camp, with financial resources being spent for armaments to the point of exhaustion while populations starve, and with statesmen in the highest places glorifying war as the noblest heritage of mankind, our people gave a very definite expression of their resolve to hold themselves aloof from these dangerous entanglements, which was registered by the vote in the Senate.

It is our belief that the sacred cause of peace is not hurt but is promoted by this action. When our European neighbors shall have studied the episode in its real setting they cannot fail to perceive that America was right and wise to refuse to join a tribunal dedicated to the peaceful solution of international problems at the very moment when the armies and navies of Europe stand equipped on every frontier to settle those problems by war. With this interpretation of American reluctance

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pressed upon them, our friends in Europe, if they yearn for American co-operation, will hasten to create such inviolable sanctions as will put an end to war and its preparations. That must be Europe's goal, that is the price she must pay if she would have our America as a participant in her councils, where we ultimately belong.

RADIO TALKS

[Concluding the seventh series, entitled "A Center for the Study of Natural History," broadcast over WCAE every Monday evening at six o'clock under the auspices of the Section of Education of the Carnegie Museum.]

FEBRUARY

- 18—"Saber-Tooth," by John J. Burke, assistant in the section of vertebrate paleontology.
- 25—"A Trip through the Museum," by O. E. Jennings, curator of botany.

FREE PROGRAMS

TECH

CARNEGIE UNION

FEBRUARY

- 19—"Currents of Modern Art in Germany," by Gustav Pauli, former curator of Kunsthalle, Hamburg, under the auspices of the Carl Schurz Foundation. 8:30 P.M.
- 20—"Romanticism," by Dr. Pauli.
- 28—"The Factors Governing the Growth of Metallic Crystals and the Effects of Crystal Size upon the Properties of Metals," by C. A. Edwards of Union College, Swansea, Wales. 8:30 P.M.

MARCH

- 1—"The Influence of Cold-Rolling and Annealing upon the Properties of Mild Steel Sheets," by Professor Edwards.

MUSEUM

LECTURE HALL

FEBRUARY

- 24—"Around the Mediterranean," by Branson DeCou, pictorialist and traveler. 2:15 P.M.
- 28—"Newfoundland—the Norway of America," by Stanley T. Brooks, curator of recent invertebrates, Carnegie Museum. 8:15 P.M.

MARCH

- 3—"Three Wheeling through Darkest Africa," by Jim Wilson, who traveled by motorcycle from Nigeria to the Red Sea. 2:15 P.M.
- 7—"Tropical Brazil," by James C. Sawders, explorer and scientist. 8:15 P.M.
- 10—"North of the Arctic Circle," by Alfred M. Bailey, director of the Museum of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. 2:15 P.M.

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